The
COMMONWEAL

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The Eucharist and Divine Providence

THE TWO DISCOURSES of the Holy Father—the first addressed to the Eucharistic Congress in St. Paul, the second, closely following, to the Universal Church on the feast of Saints Peter and Paul—make as it were a single connected thought. The theme of the first, the unitive power of the Eucharist, is close to the theme of the second, the all-disposing benignity of Divine Providence.

But in addition, it was clear that the Holy Father's mind in both cases was occupied with the same major theme—the impact of present calamities upon, and the heroic opportunity they afford to, the Christian heart and the Christian soul. The second address reminds those who "would have immediate justice and are scandalized at the ephemeral power of the enemies of God, the sufferings and humiliations of the innocent," that "suffering stands at the threshold of life"; that Divine Providence, working always with "the justice of a father inspired and dominated by love," disposes the most mysterious and harrowing events "in the design of justice directed to the punishment of sin, to the purifying of persons and peoples." The earlier address, touchingly recalling the words of Augustine, "If you have received worthily, you are what you have received," goes on to remind the Pope's hearers: "Dearly beloved children, it is a Victim we have received; it is into a Victim we are changed." And enumerating the elements of growth and vigorous promise, of privilege and freedom, which are the property of the Church in America, the Holy Father concludes: "But you must not forget that you belong to a Church whose Founder and Head was scourged, marked and crucified." To accept what is tragic in the unwavering knowledge that "nothing in this world escapes His Providence, whether in the universal or in the particular order"—to oppose what is evil and pagan "with heroic self-sacrifice": these are the combined single duty of a Christian, as presented in the two allocutions.

The first was further noteworthy because of its beautiful statement of the unity of all in the Body of the Lord; the second, from the fact that, following the outbreak of the nazi-soviet war, it refrained from giving political comfort to the partisans of either side.

Cynicism toward Principle

THE New York *Herald Tribune* carries a cartoon of Hitler and Stalin battering each other with large axes while John Q. Public urges both of them on: "Sock 'im Joe! Sock 'im Adolf!" "And May They Both Be Equally and Completely Successful" is the *Tribune's* caption to its cartoon, implying that we could see with complete equanimity a Russian-German mutual annihilation (260,000,000 people). Yet the *Tribune* undoubtedly considers itself a newspaper with civilized and even religious principles.

In the same paper Walter Lippmann says that "our policy should be based primarily on the advice of our . . . military commanders and not on vaporings about democracy, the four freedoms and Bolshevism." Ever since Russian-German hostilities broke the old ideological line of the democracies *versus* the totalitarians, there has been an increasing tendency for our all-outers to talk up military expediency and to talk down differences of principle. How else, despite all verbal reservations, lie easy in the same bed with our new "ally"?

The result is even more to break down faith in principles themselves. First we say a plague on both your houses; but then we can't forget that in fact we are in one of them—so the next step is: a plague on all principle, let the Devil take the hindmost. Bitter experience has taught us to be cynical about political orators, even when the things they say command our agreement. For we have learned how easily their high talk can serve merely as a smoke screen. Yet to let one's cynicism at the profession of principles become scorn for the principles themselves is to fall into a greater unrealism.

Principles are indeed tools to achieve power. Yet like all tools, they leave their characteristic

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mark on what they create, even when those who profess them do not have faith in the principles they profess. For that reason alone they are of essential importance. But particularly they are important to Americans. Our whole conception of society is based upon principle and adherence to principle. It is well to remember what Edmund Burke said of one political slogan: "Liberty when men act in bodies is power. Considerate people, before they declare themselves, will observe the use which is made of power." He did not say that liberty is bad, or that it cannot exist, but that its professors should be judged by their fruits.

The War's Elder Branch

JULY 7 is the fourth anniversary of the incident on the Marco Polo bridge which started off the great Sino-Japanese war. Hitler and Stalin have seen to it that the war in China enters its fourth year in a climax of obscurity and uncertainty. There is not much use making predictions about Japan's action in reaction to the Russian-German falling out, because the changes in Japan's position have been so closely balanced between advantage and disadvantage. Nevertheless, there are two observations one can make with fair confidence.

The individual character of the Sino-Japanese war is tremendously important, much more important in its own right than Americans generally feel. By itself it is a struggle of unbelievable magnitude. The number of war-hurt people in China and also in Japan is so great that it is out of scale with our experience in this lightly populated country. The future of great historic and populous nations is being beaten out. The demand upon American sympathy and charity by devastated China and its stubbornly wrong and sacrificially tenacious aggressor is a primary aspect of the war. It has a dignity beyond that of a cog or tool in Western politics. American interest ought not be simply to use those people as instruments in other contests for power.

In the game of power politics, which possesses all the governments under thinner and thinner disguise, the United States is forced to admit the central importance of Japan. We must regulate our policy on the basis of Pacific probabilities. It is neither Germany nor Japan alone which makes our defense position ticklish, but rather the combination. The whole American naval and military and diplomatic and economic establishment, operating in the Atlantic, could bottle up the Germans (with the help of present British forces) tight as a drum; and the whole establishment, concentrated in the Pacific, would make of Japan a very tight indeed—very tightly shut up, that is—little island.

Japan is now freed from a potential enemy at her door, but at the same time she is strictly isolated from her avowed friends. The Japanese Empire, powerful and well situated within her own territorial sphere as she is, has nevertheless a difficult job to perform. Nature has not written that she must work against her nearest neighbors, in league with violent nations around the globe. Let us hope that Japan is shown, particularly by the US, and that she sees, a better part—in cooperation and not in contest with the countries that border her land: China, the Indies, Australia and New Zealand, desperately placed Siberia, and the United States of America.

Mr. Ickes on Mr. Lindbergh

NOTHING is more significant of the peculiar intolerance which constitutes one of the dangers of the present than the fact that any plea for those beset by political bigotry almost automatically begins: "I don't agree with [for instance] Lindbergh, but . . ." This instinct is more defensive than democratic. When we are arguing with a man (Lindbergh, for instance), our points of disagreement with him should be zealously stressed and clarified. But when we are arguing with someone else on the ground that *his* disagreement with Lindbergh (for instance) is unfairly expressed, the fact and extent and content of our own disagreement with Lindbergh becomes temporarily irrelevant. We abandon it for the time being to concentrate on a disagreement with his assailant, which is just as important. Thus, we do not here examine Lindbergh's attitude, beyond noting that he is still a free man and hence presumably within the law. We concentrate on Mr. Ickes's attitude.

It seems to us just as vital to democracy and constitutional government, just as necessary for the American tradition to disagree with Mr. Ickes's mode of attack on Mr. Lindbergh (and the President's mode of attack before him), as it is for Mr. Ickes to show wherein Mr. Lindbergh may be wrong. Mr. Ickes calls Mr. Lindbergh a "Quisling," and says he has "a common objective" with Hitler, has "cast himself" for "a rôle" in "Hitler's designs on America." This is not only recklessly improper talk. It is talk gravely injurious to our public ideals. If an administration opponent can be attacked with such weapons, what becomes of freedom of opposition? This method is far more suggestive of the lynching bee than of orderly democratic processes.

Rank and File Responsibilities

THE DEMAND for workers is lending added strength to the sharp upturn in union growth inaugurated in 1933. The various contests for power in leading unions are of increasing national importance. The dispute about communism at the Detroit meeting of the influential Newspaper Guild is a case in point. On most issues the pres-

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ent administration of the union, charged by the opposition with using the organization as a political tool of the Stalinists, won by narrow margins. Milton Kaufman, executive vice-president, for example, was deemed not to be a Communist Party member by a margin of 90 2/3 to 80 1/3. The bitterness of the various contests was also indicated by the fact that the closing session lasted right down to 4:30 in the morning. If the opposition is right in maintaining the present policies of the Guild represent only a militant political minority, and the rank and file take their responsibilities seriously, the convention may prove to have been a victory for the opposition after all, for the one point on which the present executives yielded was that the election of new officers, September 1, be by popular referendum instead of by convention as hitherto.

The granting of all major union demands by the Ford Motor Company gives the United Automobile Workers Union a tremendous access of power. (It was indeed a heartening victory for the American labor movement in general.) Those who engineered the Ford agreement represent the more conservative wing of the union, strong believers in responsible unionism and opponents of such local, unauthorized strikes as those at Allis-Chalmers and North American Aviation earlier in the year. A hard fight for control of the UAW is said to be brewing and the outcome of its Buffalo convention next month should be of wide national interest.

Finally the Philip Murray-Mayor La Guardia agreement, which avoided at the eleventh hour a New York City tie-up by the Transport Workers Union, appears to be a victory for responsible unionism in that the union agrees to accept the decision of the courts on its right to strike. In the increasingly important struggle for union control, attention is now focused on the fight against Stalinist elements; but it must not be forgotten that the perpetuation of powerful racketeering régimes is still a big factor in many unions. Failure of the majority of the membership to assume responsibility and take an active part seems still to be the main obstacle to union development for the common good; disciplined minorities with ulterior motives too often still have things their own way. More than ever before the duty of every organized American worker to take up his union responsibilities is of national importance.

Money Well Spent

THE ROCKEFELLER General Education Board's last report lists assets of roughly $14,000,000 with $6,529,816 in 1940 disbursements. This is in line with the decision taken some time ago, gradually to wind up the Board's affairs and dispose of its capital as well as its income. What is particularly good to see in the 1940 report is the large sum spent on Negro education in the South—$4,650,500. Of this three and a half millions went to Meharry Medical College at Nashville, Tennessee. Thanks to the Jim Crowism of State universities and private hospitals, Negro doctors have always been at a disadvantage; the Rockefeller gift will help materially to diminish this disadvantage, even if it is only a start. Negro education suffers from the low economic status of most members of the race; it has no body of wealthy alumni to appeal to, and Negro political pressure, in the South at least, is largely neutralized. The great foundations could find no worthier object for their beneficence.

Paderewski, 1860-1941

PADEREWSKI was a proof of genius and an unmistakeably great man, a demonstration in a mass world of the special individual, the living person. Long ago he became the world type and epitome of the concert musician; his name was in our language when our fathers were children. Paderewski was born in 1860; he was a child prodigy, although not an extreme one; his first concert tour of America was made fifty years ago; his last full tour in 1933; he died June 29. It is next to impossible to rate musicians as players, but, if Paderewski was not the greatest pianist, he was in that small class where there is no dispute about merit nor any rivalry for rank. And he had the presence, the remarkable looks, the striking personality which made his position, even before he entered politics, more than that of an instrumentalist.

Ignace Jan Paderewski was a well rounded personality. His energies were not dissipated in bohemianism or violent eccentricity. He was a sound business man, whose concerts in the US alone earned him $5,000,000. During the first World War, with the chance of Polish freedom born, he became a formidable political organizer. He rallied 4,000,000 Poles and Polish-Americans here in the United States, led the Polish diplomatic struggle at Versailles, saw Poland established as a recognized sovereign state under his leadership. He failed to obtain all his people wanted and failed to manipulate politics at home strongly enough; and in 1922 was back on the concert stage. He was a generous, a liberal man in that sense and others. Knowing the value of money and earning millions of it, he yet gave away without any of those backward, restraining and cooling reservations. He gave away all his wealth, just about all his money.

The romance of Paderewski was his genius and brilliance and success. But these were built on the hard foundation of tragedy overcome. His father had been sent to Siberia by the Tsars. His wife, when he was twenty years old, died and left him a crippled child. Poland was his native land.

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Rebuilding in France

Conquered France has greater latitude for social reform than for national politics.

By **Helen Iswolsky**

OUTSIDE FRANCE, there is a tendency to concentrate entirely on the Vichy Government's foreign policy, or on the personal views of Pétain concerning France's political régime, and to give far less attention to what is being done in the social field.

I fully agree with M. Jacques Maritain, when he writes in his book that "there are certain points . . . which foreign public opinion is too much inclined to neglect. Defeated in the most horrible conditions, the French men have too many wounds to tend, too many mortal perils to avoid, too many bitter disappointments to bear, to give at present much attention to anything but their sores." M. Maritain himself admits that whatever its mistakes and weaknesses, both in foreign and home politics, the Vichy government is zealously devoting itself to social work; and he goes on to say that this social work "is indubitably an urgent one, and though it is not, from the point of view of the absolute, that which is the most important, it is for the present that which is most important to the French."*

Actually, the creation of a new order, or "National Revolution," as the French call it, is not an empty slogan, but a vital necessity recognized by everyone. There was in France, immediately after the collapse, a feeling of bitter disappointment in the political leaders who ruled the country before and after the war, and in the régime they represented. Everyone feels that new methods of government are urgently needed.

In so far as Pétain has complied with these demands, he has received support. The Marshal is not a typical totalitarian ruler because France has not got the totalitarian spirit. It is said of Pétain, that he is a confirmed reactionary, a royalist, strongly influenced by the ideology of the Action Française. This may be so, and it is moreover certain that attempts were made, both by the Germans and the extreme French reactionaries, to implant a strictly fascist régime in France. But those attempts did not succeed, because the French masses would not have accepted them, had they been enforced. The Marshal was wise enough not to go so far as he would have been inclined to go, or as far as his advisers wished him to go.

Unfortunately, it is obvious that the head of the French State, being Germany's vassal, cannot resist the pressure exercised on him from without. I have heard from Vichy officials that German influences are so secret and so adroitly veiled that even for men standing close to the government, it is often difficult to discern what is being done upon Pétain's own initiative, and what has been thrust upon him.

French people do not want a fascist state; except for the totalitarian ideology encouraged by the wealthy and pro-German bourgeoisie (which is a small minority), there is no fascist doctrine in France. But what the people want is a new political order and a new representative system, based on political and professional competence. The "National Council," despite being strictly a consultative chamber, may be the prefiguration of such a new system; it has called for the cooperation of France's best and most efficient men, whose integrity is above suspicion. Yet the National Council cannot of course be considered as an organic, creative and definite expression of the new order as long as it does remain consultative, and, moreover, submits to German control. For the present, and because of this powerful control, all freedoms in France are thwarted and suppressed in such a way that it would be vain to look for any true expression of the French political spirit.

The sphere of social reform

In so far as purely social reforms are concerned, the Pétain government has had far greater scope, and is practically let alone by the Germans to do what it likes in the free zone, as long as its activities do not interfere with German interests. And here the work accomplished, or to be accomplished in the immediate future, answers the direct wishes of the majority.

It must not be forgotten that France, in the social domain, was one of the most backward countries of Europe, and therefore in urgent need of reconstruction. Both the bourgeois with their ingrained individualism and selfishness, and the socialists, corrupted by party politics and demoralized by communist influences, had been unable to grasp this vital necessity. What was required was the complete abandonment both of liberal capitalism and of marxist theories; that is, France

* J. Maritain "France, My Country." Longmans Green.

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could be saved only by a complete renovation, not only economic, but moral and spiritual.

The present French government, and the experts and ideologists who cooperate with it, have a clear advantage over their predecessors: the old framework, which resisted all previous attempts at reform, has been broken up by war and defeat. There actually exists a sort of *tabula rasa,* on which the new state can be built.

The same has happened in so far as political leadership is concerned. The politicians who ruled France before and during the war have led her to her ruin; for obvious reasons they will never return. Every man in France, every woman and child, knows what the mistakes of these men have cost France. It is not a matter of political opinion, of "rightist" or "leftist" tendencies—it is a matter of common sense.

The disappearance of an entire oligarchy has made place for a new ruling class. "France," I was told by one of these social workers, "is consuming an enormous quantity of new men." And when asked whether these men are acting according to definite instructions and impulses given by the Vichy government, he replied, "No; this cannot be said of them. The government does not inspire them, because it has no definite doctrine; but it gives them a free hand, and they are making the best of the opportunity."

This remark seems to me extremely valuable, in so far as it absolves these new men, doing an undubitably useful work, from the accusation of compromise which is often hurled at them. It is only when one has lived in contact with these sincere reconstructors of France that one realizes how far removed they are from the "Vichy spirit," and from all the shady transactions and secret bargainings these words imply.

Many of these new men are representative of what is best in France. Some are professionals and experts, called to contribute technical knowledge. Others are writers, men of ideas, sociologists, high-school teachers. But they all possess the common trait that their moral and social outlook has developed along spiritual lines.

M. Maritain is quite right when he says in his book that it is not the government of Vichy which has revived religious feeling in France, but that the process had been going on long before Pétain came to power. There is no doubt about the fact that what is best and most durable in the new order in France is based on the Catholic social movement and on the Encyclicals, developed by the French social Catholic school many years before the 1940 war.

Marshal Pétain was certainly conscious of the urgent need of spiritual values. He did much to reestablish the prestige of religion, permitted the return of religious orders, lifted the ban on religious teaching. But what he intended to bestow on France was a reactionary Catholic order, something in the style of Spanish or Austrian social doctrines. It was with anxiety that sincere Catholic social workers observed his movements, especially when the Christian labor organizations suffered restrictions, and there arose the menace of a purely fascist corporative state. But as the months passed, the danger blew over, through the intervention of a genuine spiritual élite. If France was saved from a static social order and from the menace of a new form of clericalism, it is thanks to its clergy and religious thinkers.

Father Lebret and the fishermen

To give an example of the beneficent influence exercised by this school of thought, it is worth while describing the activity of Father Lebret, a Dominican. He is the son of a fisherman, and served as an officer in the French navy before entering holy orders. During the war, Father Lebret resumed his functions as lieutenant of the fleet, and was later attached to the Ministry of Commercial Marine.

Father Lebret is a theologian and a scholar, possessing a thorough knowledge of social doctrines. He is well versed both in communism and in national-socialism, their sources and development, and has written profound criticisms of totalitarian doctrines. He has also had practical experience in social work. He is one of the very greatest authorities on fishermen's syndicates, to which he devoted himself for many years. Today, Father Lebret is doing an important job attempting to settle the various questions arising in the fishermen's syndicates in the South of France. He has also founded in Marseilles an "Institute of Humanism and Economy." And he has written a book called the "Common Good," which sums up his social doctrine, based on St. Thomas.

Obviously, in so far as this doctrine is inspired by Christian theology and sociology, Father Lebret's conception of the common good not only concerns man's material welfare, but also the higher spiritual values to which man is entitled and the supernatural end to which he is ordained. And this means the human person's autonomy, and the safeguarding of his spiritual assets against the state's encroachments.

In Father Lebret's social scheme, the reorganization of labor plays an important part. His own practical experience has led him to evolve what he calls the "intersyndical system"; that is, a network of professional unions, linking together various branches of the same trade, and regulated by special arbitration committees. The latter, it must be emphasized, are not the disguised agents of state-control, as in the fascist corporative régime, but autonomous professional organs.

Father Lebret's social work is typical of the personalist and pluralist conception of society

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evolved by the French Catholic school. And it is something more than an abstract form of speculation; it has already yielded fruit, and there is evidence that in moulding the new social order the legislators of the free zone have taken stock of the doctrine of "the Common Good." As to the intersyndical system of labor organization, it is already being applied to French industry and agriculture.

The youth movements

Another example of the pluralist trend followed by French social workers can be observed in the youth movement. It would be more correct to say the youth movements, for it is precisely typical of French youth organizations that their leaders seek to maintain their diversity, instead of moulding them into a single rigid cast according to the totalitarian pattern. The four main groups forming the present-day youth movement are the following: *Compagnons de France, Camps de Jeunesse, Chantiers de Jeunesse* and the *Jocist Union.*

Indeed, it was a difficult task to master the economic and moral chaos following defeat, and to direct the youth of France immediately into regular channels. Except for the *Jocists,* whose forces had been organized long before the war, and who represent the soundest and most dynamic element of French youth, these movements have been newly created, so to speak out of nothing, and still suffer from various defects. The young men who have been enlisted in them vary in capacity and quality. There is the young bourgeois, yet unaware of the crisis, too spoiled and individualized to enter into the spirit of national revolution. There is the young soldier of 1940, who witnessed defeat and has been demoralized by it. And there is the young jobless, the refugee, or even the tramp, picked up on the road-side during the tragic exodus, who entirely lacks any social instinct. But there is also the average French boy, with his quick wit, cheerfulness, ability to work and the gift of easily adapting himself to circumstances, who is the backbone of these organizations.

It is thanks to Mr. George Lamirand, Secretary of the Department of Youth and a brilliant representative of the French Catholic social school, that all these various elements have been coordinated and made to work together in good comradeship and understanding. Lamirand is surrounded by experienced social workers. One of them said to me: "We are restricted on all sides; the armistice clauses, occupation and German control bind us in almost every way. Yet there is one thing we can and must accomplish: the moral and spiritual training of our young people. We are responsible for the future; we must form a new, physically healthy and morally strong Christian generation. It is our immediate duty to inspire them with creative ideals and to awaken them to national consciousness. All this we are still able to realize. But the time granted us may be a short one. We must hasten."

The youth movement, I was told, has absorbed the best elements of French intellectuals, educators and social workers, as well as a number of young officers, demobilized after the armistice, and engaged as monitors. A special high school has been created at Uriages, in the South of France, where these monitors are trained. A congress was recently held at Uriages, at which distinguished representatives of the French social movement were present. One of the monitors who took part in the congress told me that the atmosphere of Uriages was unique of its kind. Men who met for the first time could speak to each other in confidence, and commune in the same spirit: the spirit of enthusiasm and youthful fervor. The German conqueror ceased to exist; his physical rule was spiritually overcome.

Speaking of enthusiasts, I would like to mention briefly another group of social workers,—the "super-revolutionists" or the "wild-men of Vichy" as they might call themselves. These are mostly minor officials and experts attached to various ministries and departments, to whom must be added relief officers and young high school teachers. Most of them are inspired by the Catholic social doctrine, or by the Protestant social spirit, which is also active in the realm of reconstruction. These young men consider Pétain's reforms as insufficient, tame and far too timid. "National Revolution has not yet begun," is their real slogan. It must be noted that they are all qualified officials, specialists or scholars. They are not dreamers, but efficient, practical workers, whose influence is strongly felt in the new legislation, and whose bold plans and schemes are gradually coming to life, in spite of German disapproval and the opposition of the reactionary Vichy circles.

The "true French spirit"

What the author has described above is not the external, visible aspect of France in the free zone, but its secret heart, something which she had the rare privilege to witness, thanks to a few friends with whom she worked during the past year. It is difficult to express the relief she experienced every time she met these heroic men and women, these devoted scholars and educators, who are waging a courageous battle in order to save France's genuine soul. In the heavy, stifling atmosphere of German control and reactionary opposition, it is indeed a difficult task to achieve. And it must be added that these defenders of the true French spirit are animated by a genuine Christian fervor. Even in the midst of endless tribulations and harassing work, they lead an intense spiritual and Eucharistic life. They are the sons of the great French Christian tradition.

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In the face of the task they are accomplishing, however, it might be objected that by cooperating with "reconstructors" subservient to nazi control, they are unconsciously pouring water on the nazi mill. Will they be able to stop the formidable machine of totalitarian rule? Are they not building on sand? Will their social experience not be nipped in the bud at that moment when Hitler chooses to establish in France his own social order?

"The time is short, we must hasten." The man who spoke these words, seemed to foresee this deathly peril. And yet he meant to pursue his task as long as it was humanly possible to do so. To the objections raised above, he would have answered that this task consisted precisely in building up a spiritual wall against totalitarian influences, in arming youth with weapons capable of resisting assault, in conquering anarchy and chaos before it is too late.

There can be no question of a reconstructed France as long as she is chained down, dominated by brute force and by blackmail. But whatever happens in the near future, the work accomplished by this little group of men will remain as a moving experience and as a courageous attempt to realize a personalist régime in the face of the totalitarian one. Vichy's "National Revolution" may crumble to pieces, but the secret heart of France will go on beating.

The generation which is growing up today, and those who are inspiring it, are learning fast; they are learning patriotism, self-sacrifice, moral independence. They are also learning a new dignity which comes from hard work and poverty. Whatever the hideous bargaining and blackmail going on behind closed doors in Paris and Vichy, this generation born of disaster is innocent of them, has neither demanded them nor approved them, It does not even understand their aims and methods. It is looking far beyond. It has, according to François Mauriac's remarkable words, "no eyes to see the conqueror, no ears to listen to his voice."

Straight-Time Town

Austin, Minnesota, where Hormel's packing enterprise keeps things humming all year round.

By **Edward Skillin, Jr.**

IT HAS always been a puzzle what to do between trains. At college in the gayer 20's—and possibly still today—the best plan was to go to a music store and run through the entire stock of phonograph records. This formula was of no use at all one warm spring evening a few weeks back when I was dumped off at Dodge Center, Minn., where a single track of the Chicago Northwestern from Winona crosses a single track of the Chicago Great Western connecting Omaha and the Twin Cities. The Austin train on the Chicago GW wasn't due for two hours, and a 2½ hour wait was more probable. Mussolini would not have liked it, but possibly the baby chick shipping season had something to do with the way the trains out there all seemed to be about half an hour late.

The man at the telegraph tickers and switch controls said he would see that no one touched my luggage if I left it in the waiting room. He also gave me directions to town. I crossed the tracks and set out for a faint glimmer of lights in the west. The road was so dark and the night so clear that when I looked up to the heavens every star seemed to be there. The heavens were almost as brilliant as on a midnight stroll around the top deck of a liner in mid-Atlantic. The quiet was intense. The war was hard to imagine.

As the town drew nearer I could make out two or three blocks of street lights with stores on both sides of the street. But before I reached the main promenade I nearly ran directly into an odd collection of farm implements in various stages of completion or repair. Gingerly skirting these dark objects I soon gained the edge of the well-lighted shopping district and stopped in front of the Dodge Theater, where the manager in the ticket booth said Joe E. Brown was playing. A few doors beyond stood a promising-looking Coffee Shop.

Deep in the interior of the shop sat a girl in a green gingham dress reading a popular magazine and listening to some radio dance music; beside her sat an intelligent-looking, sleek fox-terrier. Otherwise the place was deserted. I sat down at the counter and the girl came to see what I wanted. Her cheeks had a ruddy glow which I should like to think was a result of exercise and fresh air; her head was covered with a myriad of light brown ringlets about which I venture no expert opinion. She was friendly in a quiet, reserved way and

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assured me that she would be glad to cook a hamburger. She retired to the kitchen, while her little dog stayed close by me.

Above the counter hung a large illustrated billboard. In the center was the bill of fare. Upper left was titled: "Short Orders;" the crowning item was T-Bone Steak 50c. Prices descended from this point to the foot of the column headed "Sandwiches," where Pork and Beef were both listed at 10c.

Around this menu were ranged a variety of ads, a number of them rather tastefully illustrated in an unassuming way. Here are a few: "Harley Lewis Barber Shop—4 doors west—It pays to look well;" "Harold Steele—Local and Long Distance Hauling—Livestock a Specialty—Any Load Any Place;" "Drews General Store—Fruits, Groceries, Vegetables, Meats, Dry Goods, Mens Furnishings—We Deliver—Phone 49."

The hamburger had begun to sizzle when three husky boys came lunging into the store. Every so often one of them would put his fingers to his lips and emit a genuinely ear-splitting whistle. They went out to the kitchen, joked with the girl and came back to fool with the radio and the juke box. Finally they stamped out leaving the place somewhat shaken.

Meanwhile a few less obstreperous customers came in; two girls who smiled somewhat apologetically and asked about their credit as they took some chewing gum and cigarettes, a man in overalls—that ever-present rural symbol of a good day's work—another man in a rather formal dark suit. In the excitement the dog somehow got left outdoors. When I interrupted my supper to step to the door and let the animal in, the girl seemed not in the least surprised or overappreciative. She returned to her magazine, I to my tasty hamburger, and the quiet was soon punctuated only by the ticking of the kitchen clock.

A movie is a movie. Bank night is also bank night the country over. But it was curious to find myself number 1138 on the theater's weekly patrons' list in a town of 1200 people, even making allowances for the surrounding countryside. A dreamy-eyed, light-haired little tike in overalls did the drawing, while the burly local police force —not in uniform and without his collar or tie— saw that justice was done. The holders of the lucky numbers were not in the theater, but the daughter of one of them was and she waved excitedly to her friends when the family name was called. One of those who missed the boat was strangely enough, a Mr. W. Willkie. So ten dollars more went into the "kitty" and next week's bank night was to have $80 at stake. Finally the feature started. The beginning was amusing enough. The minutes were flying but as I couldn't actually count on the train being late, chicks or no chicks, Joe E. Brown would have to escape his pugilistic taxi driver without me. I set out for the silent railway junction. But on the platform itself hundreds of little chicks were chirping busily. Suddenly the platform lights flashed on and one second later a whistle pierced the stillness from the north.

Austin itself is a big small town of 20,000 people; it is the county seat of Mower County. Even if you are a complete stranger it is not out of line to exchange greetings with everyone you pass on the street. As in small towns in many parts of the country you ride next to the taxi-driver, in the front seat. And one of the salient characteristics of such a community is that you know everybody's business and everybody knows all about you. The packing plant started there in a small way 50 years ago and the Hormel people today ascribe the employment stabilization plan to the fact that in a community of this kind it was difficult for an employer not to know what happened to his men when the seasonal lay-offs came. And packing was, and still is to some degree, one of the most seasonal industries going.

Hormel's Austin Plant

About a half-mile from the center of town across the Cedar River lies Austin's only large industry, the main plant of the George Hormel & Co., packers, a rather imposing pile of buildings employing 3,400 men and women. Hormel is the biggest single employer in Minnesota. The administration building is a two-story affair of dark stucco. The upper floor is a large room lighted by many fixtures and accommodating over 100 desks. Although this is a corporation which had net sales of $62,252,959.39 last year (and a net income, after taxes, of $1,600,678.71) the executives have no private offices. From president Jay C. Hormel down to the lowest-paid stenographer all have their desks in the same big room. Only two or three small anterooms are provided for conferences. It is easy to sense as soon as you arrive at the plant that the Hormels have a unique way of doing things. It seemed quite in keeping that Mr. Owen, the publicity director, proved to be one of the quietest and most slow-spoken men I have ever met. Understatement with a set-up like Hormel's proves a highly effective technique.

Packing is not as spasmodic as it used to be, since refrigeration has been perfected and since many farmers now have two litters of hogs a year instead of one. The majority of the pigs are still farrowed in the spring and brought in the following fall, however. November is now the busiest month for killing and processing hogs. January and October are also big months, with August and September growing fast. And, despite the new tendencies at work which stabilize activity, packing is still highly seasonal. What is true of

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hog production also applies in varying degrees to the production of beef and lamb products. When the season's pasture grass is over, for instance, the farmers rush to bring in their cattle.

It was 10 years ago that Jay Hormel tried out full-time employment in the smokehouse department, the most seasonal of all. The packing plant workers were unorganized at the time. Three years later after considerable negotiation and dispute with the union, which had come in with the NRA, it was set up for practically the whole plant. The inauguration of the plan coincided with a two-year drought, which more than gave the full-time employment program an acid test. In the end the company decided to release the men from the work-hours they owed as a result of having less than normal production, and hence less hours of work, these two years.

The chief factor in the plan is that the wage contract is drawn up between the worker and the company on a full year basis. Each man is to work no more than 2,000 hours during the year. During the rush season he may work as much as 56 hours per week. During the slack period he may work as little as 10 or 12 hours per week. Yet his wages are computed on an annual basis and each week throughout the year the Hormel worker gets the same weekly check. Incidentally, the weekly average and the hourly wage rates are considerably higher than the average for the American packing industry.

The company lays no special claim to altruism for setting up this scheme. Mr. Hormel continually emphasizes the fact that it is good business. There is no temptation to slow down in order to spread the work. There is no time lost in breaking in green hands. The men like to know they have a certain quota to fulfill—one established on the basis of past performances—and then they work together to get it done. The more efficient they are, the more time available for outdoor and other relaxation—what the men refer to as their "sunshine" bonus. A team spirit appears to animate each "gang" or production department.

Nationwide Employment Stabilization

The balance sheet seems to indicate that it is good business, but Mr. Hormel has become more and more interested personally in the possibilities of employment stabilization. With several other leaders in American industry he has formed an American Legion committee to stabilize employment. The loose-leaf "American Legion Employment Stabilization Service Experience Manual" is now mailed to business executives in all parts of the nation in weekly instalments. Field workers in various parts of the country are investigating enterprises which already have successful stabilization plans. Reports go out on each company's methods of achieving stabilization without mentioning the firm by name. But the problems facing each industry are realistically outlined, particularly the difficulties to be overcome in keeping employment on an even keel. The aim at present is to cover every kind of company production problem and its seasonal factors, so that the time will come when every business executive who gets the manual will be able to say, "Ah, here is a situation just like mine. Let's see how they solved their seasonal employment problem."

So far reports have been sent out on over 60 companies which are engaged in the candy, garment, home building, jewelry, machinery, meat packing, sausage, shoe, tanning and textile industries. Mr. Hormel believes that one of the major remedies for unemployment is to give year-round jobs to those who are employed. The committee has been working for less than a year, but it has produced a wealth of evidence that year-round employment is feasible in almost any industry. Mr. Hormel's part in this activity is further indicated by the fact that the American Legion Employment Stabilization Committee has headquarters in Austin at 100 West Oakland Avenue.

Obviously one of the best ways of getting employers interested in projects of this kind is to show them it is good business. No doubt the effect on the whole personnel is the main thing. But that is not always tangible enough to demonstrate in dollars and cents on a strict cause and effect basis. However, new state laws which give savings of from $12 to $40 per thousand in social security taxes are an eye-opener to many employers. Those who supply year-round employment in Minnesota, for example, can save up to 2.2% of their payroll, while in Wisconsin the figure is 4%. These are sizable savings in a day when taxes are taking more and more business profits. The enabling legislation has been passed in Washington, and some 45 states have enacted laws to reduce or eliminate social security taxes for full-time employers. When I was in Austin the new laws had gone into effect only in Indiana, Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota and Wisconsin, but the dates have been set in the other two-score states with similar legislation. More and more businesses are looking into employment stabilization.

Other Factors in the Hormel Plan

Full- or straight-time employment is the most salient feature of the Hormel plan, but there are other factors of importance, most of which were put into operation on the instance of the United Packinghouse Workers of America, Local No. 9 (CIO). Of these, the Joint Earnings Plan is most important, a project in which the aforementioned American Legion Committee is also interested.

With George A. Hormel & Co. it works this way. After the cost of materials, transportation

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costs and sales expenses have been deducted from gross income, the residue is divided into two parts: 80% for employees, 20% for stockholders. Thus every worker has an interest in the company's success. Last year, for instance, each employee from the officers down received as his share in the earnings the equivalent of 1.7 weekly pay checks. An even greater proportion for all, including "truck drivers living in and working out of Austin," seems to be on the way for 1941.

The George A. Hormel Company today has over 300 food products on the market. Perhaps Spam, "which comes *only* in handy 12-ounce cans that require no refrigeration" is most widely advertised and best known. But their "line" includes soups, ham, bacon, beef, lamb, flavor-sealed and boneless chicken, chicken à la king, corned beef hash, chili con carne, ham à la king, little pork and other sausages, lard, beef stew, spaghetti and meat balls, ox-joints and gravy, Irish stew, etc. The Austin plant is divided into 56 production departments.

Each department or "gang" is given a certain production quota for the year, and gets a bonus for exceeding its quota. This has been one of the most controversial sections of the whole plan. On a number of occasions certain production departments have received large cash bonuses for exceeding their quota, while the majority of the others were earning no such bonus. It has been contended that low quotas were offered to certain departments to get them to sign up for full-time employment. This sort of acceptance has been called "getting on the gravy train." In any case certain injustices did come to light such as this one connected with the department bonus plan, when actual production records in certain departments were checked with the original quotas. The workers have recently agreed to a reappraisal of quotas in the interest of the common good.

The PWOC is the sole bargaining agent for the workers, and Roy Franklin, business agent of the CIO, has an office on the outskirts of town. Bill Enright, the union representative in the plant, told me the way many of the men feel about the Hormel plan. One of their worst fears is that straight-time is too much of a speed-up system. He said that it has raised production per man per hour by 20%, largely through practice and teamwork, necessitating fewer employees. Mr. Enright is emphatic that despite all the benefits provided by the Hormel Company the union is essential. The working out of plans that appear good on paper could be manipulated to the distinct disadvantage of the workers if there were no organization to represent them effectively. Jay Hormel will not always be there either. Every major advance in Hormel working conditions in recent years, except for the straight-time employment plan, has come about through the efforts of the union. Mr. Enright had no doubts however, that Hormel workers were comparatively very well off, and that straight-time was largely responsible.

In addition to their membership in the PWOC (in the plant all the workers wear their big black and white celluloid membership buttons for all to see) the employees have a large and successful credit union. Its membership of 2,258 is the largest in Minnesota; its resources of $326,800 are the fourth largest in the state.

All in all the Hormel worker has the greatest reason for feeling secure. His job is assured so long as he does his work; his wages are constant and come in week after week; he gets a paid vacation every year (from one week to three weeks depending on the length of employment); he shares in the earnings of a company that is doing well in competition with the larger packers; his credit union enables him to build a new home and furnish it at a reasonable cost. In short he can plan his future with a reasonable amount of assurance—he can marry, build a home, raise a family, live a fully-rounded life.

That is exactly what thousands of Hormel employees are doing. Here is one town where the school population is actually growing. In the past five years additions have had to be built to five grade schools and to the imposing Austin high school as well. Queen of Angels auditorium, belonging to the second Catholic parish in Austin, was completed three years ago, and this attractive new Church-school unit is one of the things for Austin visitors to see. The Catholic high school, attached to St. Augustine's parish (founded 84 years ago and named for the city's patron saint) also has a sizable enrollment.

The best single index of what full-time employment means for the average worker in the Hormel plant, in enabling him to realize his full potentialities as a human being, is the record of home-building. When it is borne in mind that 3,400 is the figure for the men and women employed by Hormel in Austin, the record is even more impressive. In the past 7 or 8 years 952 new homes have been built in Austin—modest, yet substantial and attractive homes on fair-sized plots, as far as I could see, at an average cost of $3,500. In one year Austin (pop. 20,000) built about as many new residences as Minneapolis (pop. 489,971). And during the period straight-time employment has been in force some 500 more Austin homes were modernized to the tune of at least $500 each. It would not be rash to venture the statement that no other American community of similar size can boast of such a record. When I told my rural enthusiast friend, Emerson Hynes, about it, he claimed that the Hormel plan shows what decentralized industry can do. Steady jobs, in any event, can solve an awful lot of problems.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE EFFORTS made by nazi and fascist propagandists in Rome and elsewhere, in advance of the Pope's broadcast last Sunday, to create the impression that the Holy Father would definitely support and encourage, perhaps even invite, world-wide participation by Catholics with Adolf Hitler in attacking the Soviet Union was a silly performance, as stupid as much of the nazi propaganda so generally is. Those passages in the Pope's broadcast which might possibly be applied to any of the war problems of particular interest to the Catholic Church fit conditions in Germany, Poland, Austria and other lands under nazi control far more directly than they do the struggle in Russia, or the conditions existing in Russia before Hitler attacked his former ally. After vividly listing many of the chief horrors and evils accompanying the world revolution, the Holy Father said that added to all this must be "the indescribable suffering, pain and persecution which so many of our dear sons and daughters —priests, religious, lay-folk—in some places endure because of their religion, of their fidelity to the Church . . . pains and bitterness which anxiety for those that suffer does not permit us to reveal in all their sad and moving details."

Any attempt whatsoever to attach political motivation to the Pontiff's majestic appeal to the faith of his children of the Catholic Church, and to all who have faith in God outside the Church, now when the mystery of iniquity appears to be ravaging the whole world, would be just as silly as the anticipatory efforts of the nazi publicity machine. The Pope was dealing with a revolution and a war that began ages before Hitler and Stalin and the incompetent statesmen and diplomats of all the nations plunged humanity into its present storms; the primary revolution, the war against God which is human sin. He gave the answer that faith, and it alone, can make to the terrible questions which arise in epochs of great human trials and calamities.

Nevertheless, while political motivation will not be attached by sensible people to what the Pope said last Sunday, the political consequences which the victory of Hitler would bring to the Catholic Church remain realities deserving of the most thoughtful attention. One of the most attentive students of the nazi system, Mr. Douglas Miller, who was an attaché of the United States embassy at Berlin for fifteen years until recently, has written a book under the significant title "You Can't Do Business With Hitler" in which he incidentally makes some observations about Hitler's possible control of the exterior policies of the Church, in the event of emerging victorious in the war, which suggest many disturbing possibilities.

Convinced that Hitler's policy is in fact one of world-wide dominance of militaristic aggression and overlordship, and convinced also of the determination of Pope Pius XII—whom he knew when the Pope was nuncio in Berlin—to do all in his power to preserve the liberties of Catholics living under nazi dictation, Mr. Miller believes that there is serious danger that under Hitler the Pope would become an involuntary prisoner of Berlin. Students of history will recall that the Papacy once before in history became the political victims of the despotic kings of France, and there ensued that period mourned in the Church as the era of its "Babylon captivity," when the Popes were obliged to live at Avignon for more than a century, to the consequent terrible distress of all Christendom, and the sowing of moral and spiritual evils of a deadly sort in the very bosom of the Church. I have not yet read Mr. Miller's book, only some extracts from it in the *Atlantic Monthly,* but even in those extracts his unique knowledge of all the ingenious ways in which the nazi government has perfected a world-wide system of economic pressure for political ends lends much force to his fears. This is another fact which might be recalled by certain American Catholics to whom Russian communism seems so much the more dangerous than Hitler that they seem almost willing to shut their minds against considering Hitlerism as in fact the most deadly enemy of Christian civilization, because it is so much more powerful than communism.

Communications

ALICE MEYNELL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I read with interest the review of Alice Meynell's poems by Mr. Hopkins, a very subtle and intelligent interpretation. I should like to add in a very humble way a few remarks regarding Alice Meynell, who was a loyal friend of mine. Of all the English people I have ever known, none ever approached Mrs. Meynell in her appreciation and understanding of America. When she came here to lecture many years ago, our enthusiasm for her writings was surprising and pleasing to her. She understood our ideals; she was bereft of prejudice. Although the kindest of women, she was a severe literary critic, her sincerity was supreme. As a Catholic her Faith was the highest type of sanctity.

ALICE E. WARREN.

BIG INJUN WAGON-BOX FIGHT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: One of your regular readers wants to make special mention of the article by T. D. Lyons published in your July 4 issue. A more soundly American article could not have been arranged for the Fourth. Mr. Lyons, in this and in the other reminiscences he has published in THE COMMONWEAL, succeeds in giving the real flavor of the country's old territorial West . . . old not so much in years, but in environment, activity and interests.

I fancy that our defense problem would be much simpler now if we Americans had not followed quite so murderous a race policy toward "the Sioux: the greatest Americans" and toward the other redskin natives of the continent.

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Red Cloud would be a handy man to have, I am sure, against even a panzer division.

The Sioux chief, Red Cloud, T. D. Lyons reports, was a "fervent Catholic." Did you notice that a group of Indians carried on that great tradition by participating in the recent Eucharistic Congress held in St. Paul? The wider afield one looks in America (especially if one looks also toward Latin America), the more important appears the problem and opportunity of incorporating the original residents of the land in the frail civilization that has taken possession of it.

FRANCIS THOMAS.

The Screen

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy"

FOR WOMEN who want a complete escape from today's woes I recommend cinema's latest loving peek into the past; *"Blossoms in the Dust"* is designed especially for women. From its opening with a sweet girl-graduate romance in Green Bay, Wisconsin, in 1906, this picture, about Edna Gladney whose answer to the tragedies that almost ruined her life was her devotion to children, drips saccharinely and glows splendidly with sentiment and goodness. Inserting fiction with the true facts about this courageous woman who is mainly responsible for the Texas Children's Home and Aid Society, Anita Loos has written a moving screenplay from Ralph Wheelwright's story. If the babies in the recent "Penny Serenade" moved you to awe, the whole roomsful of cuddly little tots in "Blossoms in the Dust" will melt you completely. However Mervyn LeRoy, who directed this production to appeal to the brain as well as the heart, also emphasizes the sterner stuff of Edna Gladney's fight for children. It took years for Edna to recover from the loss of her "adopted" sister (who committed suicide when she learned that she was an illegitimate child) and from her son's death in an accident. Edna's devoted husband persuaded her to interest herself in other parents' children. First she opened a day nursery for children of working mothers. Then after Sam Gladney lost his fortune, Edna moved with her husband to Fort Worth where she opened a home for foundlings. Without stint she gave her time to caring for children, to finding new parents for the homeless and, whenever possible, to persuading parents to keep their babies. After Sam's death, Edna threw herself wholeheartedly into this work. Greatly disturbed by the cruelty of branding a child "illegitimate," Mrs. Gladney performed her most lasting achievement by going to the Texas State Legislature to have the illegitimacy law changed. Narrow-minded gossip-mongers screamed hysterically at Edna that a bill which prohibited the word illegitimate on a birth certificate would lead to immorality and many more "bad girls would have babies." Edna's quick reply, "Bad girls don't have babies," and her statement, "There are no illegitimate babies; only illegitimate parents," helped to win her fight. The one person most responsible for the success of this film is Greer Garson whose sincere performance saves "Blossoms in the Dust" from becoming an unpalatable bowl of Mellon's food. She makes this big-hearted woman a real woman with frailties and with indomitable courage to fight for a noble cause. And incidentally, Miss Garson's red hair and green eyes in technicolor are something to see; for the whole film is bathed in a lush color appropriate to the baby themes. In her forthright portrayal Greer Garson is excellently assisted by Walter Pidgeon and Felix Bressart and by hundreds of babies who coo and gurgle delightfully.

While women are wiping their moist eyes over the tearjerking "Blossoms in the Dust," men can laugh over the more timely complexities of one of their own sex who is *"Caught in the Draft."* Bob Hope is the boy concerned and he is just as funny as you'd expect him to be in such a predicament. To add to the humor he plays a movie star who really hates noise and guns. So when he says goodbye to Hollywood, tells DeMille to be satisfied with Cooper, and departs with his press agent (Lynne Overman) and valet (Eddie Bracken), he walks right into trouble and fun. Dorothy Lamour, that "answer to a conscriptee's prayer," has much to do with Bob's being in Uncle Sam's Army; and, as the colonel's daughter, she tries to make it easier for him. Bob manages to eke out all the humorous problems and puns that could arise during the medical examination, the fitting of the uniform, drilling, parading, going amok in a tank, running around in his underwear and of course by doing potato duty so often that he becomes the original boy from Idaho. All this is reminiscent of the comedies we saw during the last war, but the surprising part of it is that the same stuff is still funny. There are a few dull spots in between the high jinks, but you can be sure that another laugh will turn up as soon as Hope starts cracking wise again.

Clark Gable finds himself in uniform this week, too. But it's a British uniform and Clark has to go the long way round through an adventure story by Hans Kafka before he steals the soldier garb and finally winds up with a Victoria Cross. *"They Met in Bombay"* shows how a couple of jewel thieves work in India. And very slick they are—with Gable posing as a detective and Rosalind Russell acting like a lady. The beauteous Rosalind's first entrance in a hat that is a hat is the most startling scene in the picture. The two thieves finally stop trying to out-smart each other; they join forces, fall in love, escape with a world-famous diamond on a boat captained by perfidious, oriental Peter Lorre, commit further crime in Hongkong, get into China's war with Japan and go through a whole series of assorted excitements before they renounce their wicked ways. Clarence Brown directed this Hunt Stromberg production and didn't really think anyone was going to believe all the glorified-crook stuff or highly impossible hokum, so he made it as engaging as he could by including many thrills and many more close-ups of the strong-armed Gable and radiant Rosalind. As thieves, they're treated far too sympathetically even though they go straight in the finale; as movie stars in the Hollywood fashion, Clark and Roz will hold your interest.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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The Essential Stone in the Bourgeois World

By WILLIAM J. GRACE

POOR Bourgeois Man! The unreformed whipping boy of the intellectuals, subject to such a long historical process of self-deception that all criticism flies by him and he is unaware of the rumbling volcano beneath his feet. Man in his natural condition desires family, security, and a good dinner—and is likely to be puzzled by most other things. But Bourgeois Man has a religion and an asceticism the strangest in their limitations the world has ever known.

Offspring of nominalism, Calvinism, and the night, he believes that virtue is the handmaiden of success; instilled with a deep and unconscious egoism he is indifferent to humanity and comradeship (the communists have attacked him here by successfully providing an *ersatz* comradeship that makes some effort to satisfy a human need), and knows that only the fittest survive in a competitive world. He looks upon universal standards with suspicion: the test of all good is to be found in one's own experience or in that of one's group, in one's own interior life. Not having much understanding of the soul (which cannot be measured) and even less of God (Who is somewhat mysterious), he judges himself a success or failure by what he has accomplished according to the standard of the group.

The tragi-comedy of Bourgeois Man is to be found in the fact that, as he reduces the possibility of Grace in the world, of repentence, of miracle, of the last being first and the first last, he reduces the freedom of his own personality. He becomes the victim of his own ethics. Bourgeois Man inevitably becomes Machine Man.

He becomes Machine Man because his standard of values applies only to machinery. He tends to ignore or to sentimentalize what cannot be measured. His evaluations become circumscribed by "production," by the tangible results that the "group mind of the fittest survivor," has decided upon as the outward and visible signs of the power, the kingdom, and the glory.

In England and America Bourgeois Man has retained some of the alleviating influences of traditional culture. In Germany we have the Machine Man, who because he is still partly Man and not completely Machine, must be provided with a mysticism however outrageous. He has been glad to give up individual liberty of a sort, for the Bourgeois conception of liberty—the competition of the survival of the fittest—has been rather unpalatable for the majority of men. But success is still the ultimate test of worth. Success in war (a group competition to assure the survival of the fittest) proves to Machine Man his collective worth.

II

W. H. Auden in *The Double Man* raises a sensitive voice of protest against the latest developments in Bourgeois Man.[1] Auden is primarily concerned with those fundamental problems which scarcely touch Bourgeois Man at all. First may be placed the problem of evil; second, the problem of conflict. Insofar as Bourgeois Man touches upon these matters he interprets them in terms of relativism and materialism.

As an intellectual, a self-exiled poet, a rebel with an urbane protective coloration, Auden has in some ways anticipated, judged, and outlived the Bourgeois Civilization. He has seen through many things though he has yet to learn how to see beyond them. In his new poem he focuses attention on the problem of environment.

> "We are, I know not how, double in ourselves, so that we believe what we disbelieve, and cannot rid ourselves of what we condemn."

This quotation from Montaigne on the title page stresses the fact that the poet, like the philosopher, must learn the art of detachment from the accidentals of his environment if he wishes to see the truth, but at the same time it suggests that such detachment is an impossibility. Try as we may, it suggests, we can never escape being victims of our environment.

But, contrary to his own assumptions, Auden's anxious posing of questions may lead him out of the impasse. And perhaps away from his familiar audience. What still keeps Auden in touch with his audience is the débris of rather simple philosophical and psychological patterns that very roughly could have been classified as intellectual liberalism. The immediate cause of the breakdown of the intellectual liberals is largely due to their ineffectuality in the face of distinguished entrepreneurs and cynics like Hitler and Goebbels, and their complete inability to defend the common people from the "forms of social control" now being everywhere exercised over depersonalized and proletariatized John Does. This breakdown has led to a much keener self-analysis on the part of such liberals as remain active. Now that the parlor pinks have deserted the ship, those who remain are honestly puzzled persons who are poignantly sincere in their questioning. Such is H. W. Auden.

III

Auden is deeply upset by evil and conflict. The truly tragic quality of the poem is only partially disguised by the Horatian tradition (*via* English education) that serves to "socialize" emotion and give a titillating irony rather than the devastatingly real thing that you find, for example, in some medieval literature. But nevertheless the basic theme cannot be disguised. In leaving behind him the Bourgeois depersonalized civilization Auden is making his way toward the light, though he is hard and bitter on the journey:

> All formulas were tried to still
> The scratching on the window-sill,
> All bolts of custom made secure
> Against the pressure on the door . . .

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* *The Double Man. W. H. Auden. Random.* $2.00.

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In presentation *The Double Man* is leisurely and urbane, almost traditionally eighteenth century, and presents problems that are truly radical without any superficial stir of excitement:

> The situation of our time
> Surrounds us like a baffling crime.
> Here lies the body half-undressed,
> We all had reason to detest,
> And all are suspects and involved
> Until the mystery is solved
> And under lock and key the cause
> That makes a nonsense of our laws.

The problem of our time is immeasurably difficult and there is no ready-made-to-order guide to solve it:

> Tonight a scrambling decade ends,
> And strangers, enemies, and friends
> Stand once more puzzled underneath
> The signpost on the barren heath . . .

Auden reintroduces the Devil, though not in the theological sense:

> For how could we get on without you
> Who give the *savoir-faire* to doubt you
> And keep you in your proper place
> Which is, to push us into grace.

In a rather difficult passage Auden protests against the paper schemes of philosophers. His view in this matter is rather English—for the English have often displayed a healthy scepticism in regard to their own amateur philosophers. The danger does exist, it must be admitted, for those who do not study philosophy properly, of mistaking concepts and abstractions for realities, of abiding not by the truth but by an "ideal" system of categories:

> . . . The intellect
> That parts the Cause from the Effect
> And thinks in terms of Space and Time
> Commits a legalistic crime,
> For such an unreal severance
> Must falsify experience.

Auden is quite heated on this point:

> O foolishness of men to seek
> Salvation in an *ordre logique* . . .

and

> O cruel intellect that chills
> His natural warmth until it kills
> Its roots of all togetherness!

It is unfortunate that Auden makes a typically English error here, probably as the unconscious heir of a particularly bad Augustinian-Protestant-Calvinist-NeoPlatonic mystic tradition. It is true that the way of the intellect is *only* a way, but one not so easily to be cast aside for an uncharted mysticism.

IV

But if Auden's incursion into philosophy has yet to bear fruit, his power of social criticism is as shining and as incisive as anyone could desire. Nazism, as he sees it, is the Machine Man with a Machine Metaphysics:

> As out of Europe comes a voice,
> A theologian who denies
> What more than twenty centuries
> Of Europe have assumed to be
> The Basis of civility,
> Our evil *Daemon* to express
> In all its ugly nakedness
> What none before dared say aloud,
> The metaphysics of the Crowd,
> The Immanent Imperative
> By which the lost and injured live
> In mechanized societies
> Where natural intuition dies.
> The hitherto-unconscious creed
> Of little men who half succeed,
> The international result
> Of industry's *Quicunque vult.*

Here in great and lasting lines is the modern Bourgeois, heir to the centuries, framed in an epigram suitable for the collective tombstone of our civilization:

> Emerged a new *Anthropos,* an
> Empiric Economic Man,
> The urban, prudent, and inventive,
> Profit his rational incentive
> And work his whole *exercitus.*
> The individual let loose
> To guard himself, at liberty
> To starve or be forgotten, free
> To feel in splendid isolation
> Or drive himself about creation
> In the closed cab of occupation.

That reminds one of Maritain speaking of modern individualism. In Audenesque:

> The home Thurber likes to draw,
> The neuter outline that's the plan
> And icon of industrial man.

Auden, as one would expect, finds no panacea in the usual Bourgeois secular religions. His criticism in this respect is apt to be scathing:

> Democracy a ready-made
> And noisy tradesman's slogan, and
> The poor betrayed into the hand
> Of lackeys with ideas . . .

Auden is alone—he, therefore, believes everyman is alone:

> Aloneness is man's real condition,
> That each must travel forth alone
> In search of the essential stone.

V

In search of the essential stone, but the prospects are not bright. Auden asks toward the end of the poem:

> Send strength sufficient for our day,
> And point our knowledge on its way.
> *O da quod iubes, Domine.*

Auden as *The Double Man* is seeking for the Single Light, but he has still to extricate himself from many dear and attractive, but false traditions. *The Double Man* is tragic man—for his salvation can only lie in purging himself of that which makes him double. Bourgeois Man has forgot that you cannot serve God and Mammon by conveniently bestowing upon Mammon the rectitude and discipline of God. In the Bourgeois world Mammon and the Devil just do not exist. In the case of Auden

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and a few other sincere intellectuals the realization is keen that personal detachment is necessary for arriving at the truth, and the readjustment demanded of the individual is somewhat frightening. As an artist possessed of a mind capable of the keenest analysis and the assimilation of the toughest materials, Auden is, of course, preeminent. What Auden has to say will become of first rate importance as soon as he has thought his critique through, when he has the full support of reason and conviction. Above all he must escape the English tradition in which the poet usurps the place of philosopher and theologian and becomes something of a secular prophet with the respect and impunity once attached to the medieval fool. This is very nice, but it gets in the way of exact thinking.

More Books of the Week

Our Biggest Neighbor

Amazon Throne: The Story of the Braganzas of Brazil. Bertita Harding. Bobbs Merrill. $3.50.

BERTITA HARDING, author of three books about the royal Hapsburg family called "Phantom Crown," "Golden Fleece," and "Imperial Twilight," has written now a too personal and too narrowly intimate account of the three Braganza generations who dwelt in Rio de Janeiro. It would, of course, be quite impossible to chronicle a family which included Carlota Joaquina, the strange nervous case who was wife of King João of Portugal when he brought the scepter to America in order to escape the pressure of Napoleon, and also Dom Pedro I, the young and ardent Emperor who held the Brazilian throne when ties with the mother country were severed for good, without reporting more than a little scandal. But the balance of this volume seems too much weighted against the history of the great Empire of Brazil and against the forces of history which were shaping the story of the Braganzas during the nineteenth century. The letters which Dom Pedro wrote to his mistress, Domitila, the Marqueza de Santos, make a legitimate footnote to history, but they do not substitute for a description of the national life of Brazil and its relationship to that of the imperial family.

Miss Harding tells very adequately how Pedro managed to keep up two households during the undisciplined days of his youth, and she imagines convincingly the emotions of good wives betrayed. But these rulers worked some hours each week, several of them very long and regular hours every day. We never do learn their constitutional position, their relation to the cabinets and chambers, the political, economic or social balance of their tremendous realm. For a royal family, those things are important too, and are genuinely interesting. The major decisions, crises and moves of the Braganza family in the nineteenth century were, after all, public and political, and that is why they were more important and deeply interesting than the dispositions of just any rich and titled clan.

Bertita Harding, of course, is a rather expert royal biographer, and she does in fact have the strength to keep from being altogether overcome by scandal. She follows with some clarity—if not with satisfying fullness—the Braganza flight from Portugal in 1808; the return of Dom João to his homeland in 1821 and the taking up of the Brazilian regency by his son, Dom Pedro; the independence of Brazil in 1822; the transference of the crown to the infant Pedro II in 1831; the exit of the Braganzas in 1889. Catholics will read with special interest Chapter 32, which deals with an historical public affair: the trouble Pedro had in the dispute between Church and State over the Masons and the condemnation by the government of the Bishops of Olinda and Pará. Although more time is taken with this than with most public affairs, the account is not adequate to give satisfying understanding. The restraint and politeness of the author does not completely cover traditional prejudices against the Catholic Church and Pius IX. Rather strangely, the question of regalism itself is not clarified. On one page there is reference to *"irmandades,* or free-thinking brotherhoods," and then the Third Order of St. Francis is classed as an *irmandade.* One of the issues was exactly that the Third Order and other brotherhoods, formed with high religious rather than "free-thinking" purposes, were endangered by an infiltration of infidelity. Because of the tendency toward a Brazilian "Gallicanism" and the divisions over this issue, the political problem of the Empire was much mixed. The Church-State controversy in the '70s made the clergy suspicious of the Empire and suspicious of the existing intimate connection between Church and State, whereas Miss Harding implies that the clergy were the standard, black opponents of the "liberal and free-thinking elements" which are said to have taken up campaigning for separation. Calogeras, one of the authorities cited by the author in her bibliography, gives in his recently translated History of Brazil a more unexpected and interesting description of the troubles than Chapter 32, showing how the clergy and hierarchy grew away from the Empire and its kind of union with the Church. They were not the story-book reactionaries fighting against change for the throne.

The most charming sections of "Amazon Throne" don't really deal with Brazil. They are the passages which describe the many travels of the good Dom Pedro II, and the more pathetic trip which Maria Gloria, child claimant to the Portuguese throne, took to England when a landing in Portugal turned out temporarily impossible. Dom Pedro II was an excellent person to conclude the Braganza Brazilian saga. He was a thoroughly sympathetic person to whom the author gives a most attractive combination of learning, seriousness, humility and a childlike likeableness and humor. He was a very great favorite in the United States which he visited with enormous enthusiasm and energy. The nostalgia for a royal family, almost necessarily implicit in a friendly biography like this one, is well excused by the character of Pedro II and of his mother and wife, and in a very different way, of his dashing and scandalous father. PHILIP BURNHAM.

BIOGRAPHY

The Man Who Got Even With God. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. Bruce. $2.00.

THIS is emphatically a joyous book. The man who got even with God was a Trappist monk, a lay brother, and here is his life written by another Trappist whose pen keeps you enthralled because he gives you the portrait, or, to be more accurate, a series of portraits of an American who strove for spiritual perfection. Too many biographers of holy men write puffy and pudgy books, heavy with unctious misinterpretations. Father Raymond's volume is clean, lean, honest, intelligent—and affectionate. For the curious, those who have never

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been able to learn or understand what the cloistered life means—how a Trappist lives, what he does, and how and why—this short book will give all the answers. And for what reason? Because it spells that Truth truthfully.

John Green Banning, the subject of the biography, was born January 12, 1849, in Lebanon, Ky., not far from the first Trappist foundation in the United States, The Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani. He went to "The Monks' School," (no longer in existence) that gave James Lane Allen the starting point for his most stupid short story. John at 16 was "average sized, thin, wiry, quick-witted . . . had an excellent temper . . . was an excellent quarreler . . . was most excellent in getting even." He said that he "always got even!" His father said, "No" to the boy's desire at that age to become a Trappist. Later they argued. John got even by burning his father's tobacco barn; then fled to Texas, became a famous cowboy, spent nine years away from home, returned for forgiveness, and began life at home anew with his temper beautifully ready for provocation. His mother's death brought him back to a realization of religion and eternity. When 36 he set off for the Trappist Monastry to seek admittance as a lay brother, and was accepted.

No summary can convey the spirit of this new life and its struggles. Until his death in 1908 Brother Joachim, John's name in religion, went through a process of transformation, from fluctuating, boisterous outbursts to periods of quiet peace toward sanctity. The full flavor and meaning of the very amusing stories of his monastic days will be lost on readers who fail to see and understand the supernatural benefits of self-knowledge, self-discipline, and self-control. The account of the pitchfork, of the broken dishes, of the blackened meat, of the sharp razor near the paralyzed Abbot's throat, these and all the others illustrate the shedding of the sharp, painful cactus spikes of his rugged temper, and the gradual acquisition of the virtues that flowered into the holiness of his later life. The book at times is realist to the point of the sensational. Perhaps the monastic life always is sensational. Edification will be derived from the chapters of this fine-fibred biography, sturdy, healthy edification.

DANIEL S. RANKIN.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Spurs on the Boot. Thomas B. Morgan. Longmans. $2.50.

FOR MORE than twenty years Tom Morgan was a correspondent in Italy. He successively was head of the AP and UP bureaus in Rome, and naturally such opportunities have given him a personal knowledge of what went on in the first Fascist State which is available to very few people. Some years ago he published "A Reporter at the Papal Court," a volume of reminiscences and descriptions which was favorably reviewed in both the Catholic and the secular press. The present volume deals only incidentally with the problems of the Church in Italy; it is mostly concerned with Mussolini's development and his gradual building up of fascist policy until the present unhappy outcome became substantially inevitable.

The book reads a little bit like a post mortem, but less so than might have been expected. Morgan's general thesis is that there might have been some good in fascism if it had honestly devoted its efforts to the development of Italy and of Italy's colonial possessions. His last few sentences supply a key to what he thinks went wrong. "'And no military enterprises,' counseled the great Pareto. He, too, was betrayed. Italy was betrayed."

The picture Morgan draws of Mussolini is not pleasant. And certainly his association with Il Duce was intimate enough to enable him to form a fairly just view. He collaborated with Mussolini on a series of articles for the American press; he was a friend of most of Mussolini's friends. He came in contact with every important personality in the history of the fascist régime. And the net result is not pretty. There are no sensational charges, there are very few things reported which have not been reported elsewhere. But the sequence of events is made living by such a host of personal touches that after he has read Mr. Morgan's book the reader feels that he knows in a far more intimate and personal way what he already knew abstractly.

H. L. BINSSE.

The Christian Family. Most Rev. Tihamer Toth; translated by V. G. Agotai; edited by Newton Thompson, S.T.D. Herder. $2.00.

ALTHOUGH a collection of pulpit discourses, the present volume comes well within the scope of THE COMMONWEAL by reason of the general moral and sociological implications of the subject with which it deals. If foremost a religious issue, marriage certainly is not merely a religious problem, touching as it does on all sides of human life and linked to the most vital interests of mankind. The focal importance of marriage for human welfare appears from the fact that it always has been and still is the center of heated discussion which invariably turns on the question of its permanent or transient character. Modern reform theories favor a relaxing of the marriage bond and greater freedom in sex relations. The few exponents of traditional morality and Catholic teaching stand uncompromisingly for the stability and permanence of the union. This attitude is taken primarily because it is demanded by the law of God, but also in the interests of human happiness. The indissolubility of marriage (and what law does not ask it) may cause in individual cases great hardship, but the evil, misery and unhappiness following in the wake of easy divorce are immeasurably more tragic. Marital instability undermines the home, and, accordingly, if for no other reason, would have to be looked upon as the greatest enemy of civilization. In this regard the modern age has lost all sense of perspective. The author places the question in the right setting and the proper light.

Marriage can never be a mere personal affair. Its social repercussions are inevitable for its inherent purpose is to establish the family which alone can serve as the unit of a stable society. A wholesome and normal family and home life is impossible except on the basis of indissoluble monogamy. Apart from the fact, therefore, that the intimacy of the marriage relationship cuts too deeply into personal life to be anything but permanent, a marriage of the transient type frustrates the essential social purpose of the conjugal union and acts as a virulent social solvent. If this is so, we may be sure that we have not yet reaped in our country the full harvest of our rather frivolous disregard for the inviolable sanctity of the marriage tie.

Indissoluble monogamy is inextricably tied up with the highest values of civilization; eliminate this golden thread and the entire fabric becomes unraveled. Stable marriage provides a priceless training in discipline and engenders the fundamental loyalties without which so-

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cial life cannot endure. No institution can equal permanent marriage as an education in responsibility and social sentiment. Loose unions impoverish character and make for a disastrous moral flabbiness. Divorce is abject surrender of everything that keeps human life on a high moral and cultural plane. Temporariness and experimentation are incompatible with human marriage if it is to retain a shred of dignity.

The author brings home to a generation inclined to self indulgence and irresponsibility an imperatively needed lesson. A lesson, moreover, which is not without inspiration and encouragement. He is truly eloquent without being rhetorical, and original without affectation. The direct manner of presentation is well suited to a modern audience. C. BRUEHL.

Social Welfare in the Catholic Church. Marguerite T. Boylan. Columbia. $3.00.

HOW FAR can organized social work preserve the Christian spirit? This is a question frequently asked. There are those who are uncompromisingly against such organization as alien to and destructive of the inner quality of Christian charity. They cite the example of the Master who went about doing good without any apparatus of social welfare. They argue that the individual is lost to sight in the bureaucratic machinery, and that charity is robbed of that spontaneity and personal character that should mark the performance of this Christian duty. On the other side it has been contended that Our Lord did not determine the details of any aspect of Catholic activity but left it to our human ingenuity to work out proper methods of effectuating his principles. The development of the Liturgy can be used as a case in point. They further claim that we can adapt for our own purpose the machinery of the modern social schools without losing the essence of the Christian virtue, and that we must do so if we are to be effective in a new age.

In "Social Welfare in the Catholic Church," Marguerite T. Boylan does not address herself to this basic question. In fact she definitely excludes such a discussion by limiting her subject to the development of Diocesan Bureaus of Social Welfare and an evaluation of their accomplishments, specifically in the Diocese of Brooklyn. But in the course of her volume, and in the valuable introduction of Archbishop Murray, there is implicit an excellent defense of the modern Catholic social worker. Using this quotation of St. Thomas as a text, "As the life which men live well here on earth is ordained as a means to that blessed life which we hope for in heaven, so, too, whatever particular goods are procured by man's agency, whether wealth, or profits, or health, or eloquence, or learning, are ordained as a means to the end of the common good," she points out that the Apostles organized the first Catholic charity bureau in the institution of the deacons. Charity was not left exclusively to the spontaneous initiative of individuals or volunteer groups in the early Church, but its leaders formally assumed responsibility for welfare conditions. There is no doubt that some of the efficiency of charitable action in the conversion of the pagan world was due to the leadership of the early bishops in relieving distress. We need only recall the many references to the effect of this organized Catholic charity in time of plague and public disaster to appreciate the strength of this contention.

Miss Boylan butresses her thesis by well chosen illustrations of the need for Diocesan Bureaus in the United

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States. She alludes to the problems created by immigration and indicates how thoroughly organized charity in the early history of our country was controlled by non-Catholic influences. The greatest achievement of the Diocesan Bureaus has been to give public status to Catholic charitable activity and to put us in a position to influence the distribution of public funds in these days of growing governmental responsibility for social welfare. In this field alone, the central offices for Catholic agencies have justified their existence.

The brief history of the growth of such bureaus is of interest to the general reader, while those concerned with social questions will find specific information in the detailed account of the working of the Brooklyn office. Through it all, Miss Boylan is always conscious of the apostolate of the social worker, and this is the best refutation of the charge alluded to in the opening lines of this review.

Miss Boylan also suggests actual and potential values of the Diocesan Bureaus which go far beyond the alleviation of immediate needs. It is her feeling that they can survey the social needs of the entire community and plan comprehensive programs that will include the influencing of public opinion in favor of constructive changes in the social order. It is in this field of social reconstruction that the greatest promise of organized charity may be said to lie. The same individualism which protests against Diocesan Bureaus is the very force which has sapped our entire social and economic structure and is the greatest obstacle to social progress. It is helpful to note that Miss Boylan recognizes this connection and favors, quite logically, the organization of workers and employers, and appreciates the value of worker's schools. In so far as the Diocesan Bureaus contribute to the awakening of social consciousness in our Catholic population, they are performing a needed service.

Miss Boylan makes many valuable suggestions. One of the most urgent is the establishment of a registration service for Catholic social workers. I have known well-qualified Catholic college graduates who have wished to enter this field but have been constrained by practical difficulties beyond their control. It is unfair to graduate hundreds of sociology majors without giving them an opportunity to apply their talents.

The value of this volume is enhanced by an index, an excellent bibliography and an appendix which gives an outline of the work of other Diocesan Bureaus not covered in the text. It is highly recommended, particularly in connection with sociology courses.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

BRIEFERS

Colombia, Gateway to South America. Kathleen Romoli. Doubleday. $3.50.

MISS ROMOLI has written an interesting descriptive study of our nearest South American neighbor, in which she has included just enough history to make present-day Colombia a little more intelligible to the average North American. The author has evidently traveled extensively throughout the country she so charmingly describes. She has managed to acquire a pretty thorough knowledge of its complex economic structure, with its diversified exports ranging from coffee and cotton to gold, emeralds and platinum. The style is simple, refreshing and clear, and the illustrations excellent.

G. S.

In the Groove

THAT MAN STOKOWSKI has been cutting up the grooves again, with the abandon of any jitterbug, and I cannot go all the way in approval. Most of his recent discs were made for Columbia by his All American Youth Orchestra—last year's model—and released to coincide with the tooling up of this year's orchestra for its summer spin. When an orchestra starts making records, its leader often exhibits a deplorable tendency to duplicate pieces already in the catalog. Thus from the youths we have the Beethoven *Fifth* and the Brahms *Fourth* symphonies, both in exaggerated Stokowskian versions (respectively $5.50 and $6); neither displaces earlier recordings. The *Love Music from Tristan and Isolde* is more Mr. Stokowski's dish, and this arrangement of excerpts from the opera more satisfactory than in his Victor records with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Still more satisfactory is the youths' playing of Stravinsky's glowing, exciting *Firebird Suite* ($3.50). Victor, too, has some new Stokowski recordings. Moussorgsky's lurid *Night on a Bald (or Bare) Mountain,* lushly and luridly orchestrated by the maestro, is a single disc which will appeal only to those who liked this version of it in *Fantasia.* A surprise indeed is the Stokowski-Philadelphia playing of Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante,* with solo work by four fine woodwinds. Stokowski may not have demonstrated much affinity with Mozart in the past, but here he plays with exquisite sensibility. Nicely recorded ($4.50).

Sir Thomas Beecham, now conducting in this country, made a fine recording in England with the London Philharmonic: Tschaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini* ($3.50). This swirling tone poem about Dante's damned lovers is a model of clarity and balance in recording, and a must for Tchaikovskians. Likewise recommended is Musicraft's album, issued to commemorate the Tchaikovsky centenary, of little-known songs, well rendered by the basso Sidor Belarksy ($3.50). A very much living South American composer gets his recorded due in Victor's "festival" (the album calls it that) of works by Heitor Villa-Lobos, Four chamber-size pieces, with a variety of brilliant vocal and instrumental effects, beautifully recorded by musicians who performed them at the New York Museum of Modern Art last year ($5.50).

Some more native orchestras have appeared on the lists. The *Bacchanale* or *Venusberg Music* from *Tannhäuser* gets a badly-needed recording at the capable hands of Fritz Reiner and the clean-sounding Pittsburgh Symphony (Columbia, $2.50). A group described as "alumni" of the National Orchestral Association, led by Richard Korn, plays the Brahms *Serenade No. 2,* minor and rather heavy-handed Brahms, but interesting for the fact that it is scored without fiddles (Victor, $4). The Indianapolis Symphony makes its début with a single-disc playing of Glinka's overture to *Russlan and Ludmilla* and the folk-tune *Dubinushka,* vigorously conducted by Fabien Sevitzky (Victor). The Minneapolis Symphony—not new to discs—under Dimitri Mitropoulos plays Leo Weiner's orchestration of the great Bach organ *Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C Major,* which some may find un-Bachian but which I liked for its color and vigor (Columbia, $2.50). The CBS Symphony under Howard Barlow puts proper sparkle in its second volume of *"Rediscovered Music"* of Johann Strauss, from a collection given to the Library of

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Congress last year (Columbia, $3.50). In the same vein, and beautifully recorded, are the waltzes from Richard Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier,* played on a single Columbia disc by Artur Rodzinski and the Cleveland Orchestra.

The contemporary Englishman, Ralph Vaughan Williams, expands and improvises on an Elizabthan ecclesiastical fragment in his *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis;* beautifully played by BBC Symphony strings under Sir Adrian Boult (Victor, $2.50). Very beautiful and inventive, to my mind, is the string *Serenade* of Joseph Suk, an almost-forgotten Czech who was the pupil and son-in-law of the better-known Dvorak (Victor, $3.50). More familiar Czech tunes are the dances from Smetana's *The Bartered Bride,* played with dash by Barlow and the CBS Symphony (Columbia single).

Among the concertos, the Beethoven *"Emperor" (No. 5)* by Benno Moiseivitch and the London Philharmonic (George Szell conducting) is well recorded, and satisfactory without displacing either the Gieseking or Schnabel versions (Victor, $5.50). The Mendelssohn *Piano Concerto No. 1,* brilliant in the early Victorian manner, is brushed off and played with steely charm by Jesus Maria Sanroma and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Arthur Fiedler (Victor, $3.50). Some recommended piano works: the haunting Chopin *Barcarolle in F sharp major,* by Gieseking (Columbia single) . . . the delicate, ironic *Sonatine* and the *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales* of Ravel, elegantly done by Robert Casadesus (Columbia, each $2) . . . the second Schumann *Sonata,* expressively played by Sascha Gorodnitzki in his phonographic début (Columbia, $2.50) . . . Bach *Sonatas in E minor and C major,* transcribed for two pianos by Victor Babin, and played by him and Vita Vronsky (Victor, $3.50).

Two singers, Alexander Kipnis (Victor, $6.50) and Lotte Lehmann (Columbia, $4), have both recorded albums of Brahms songs. Kipnis sings *lieder* beautifully, and many of the 18 in his set are not available elsewhere on discs. Lehmann sounds breathy at points, but on the whole the microphone is kinder to her than on some early recordings, and her voice is still one of the loveliest of its kind. Victor's album ($3) of Mozart arias and duets by a famous Metropolitan team, Elisabeth Rethberg and Ezio Pinza, is uneven. The basso's *Non piu andrai* from the *Marriage of Figaro* is worth the price of the album, but much of the soprano's singing is shrill and forced. In the vein of last year's popular *Ballad for Americans*—which the excellent Westminster Choir has done in an *a cappella* version for Columbia ($1.50)—is *I Hear America Singing* a cantata by George Kleinsinger on poems of Walt Whitman. It is bouncingly narrated and sung by John Charles Thomas, with backing by a chorus and orchestra; for Americana-fanciers who don't mind a somewhat self-conscious approach (Victor, $2.50). Some vocal singles: the *"Catalog Air"* and *Ah, Pieta, Signori Mei* from Mozart's *Don Giovanni,* sung by the Metropolitan's new basso buffo, Calvatore Baccaloni (Columbia) . . . Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, in fine recordings of *Cujus Animam* from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and *Ingemisco* from the Verdi *Requiem* (Victor) . . . Bizet's *Agnus Dei* and Granier's *Hosanna* in some more "revitalized"—too much so—recordings by the late Enrico Caruso (Victor).

A great many discs have piled up, and next time I hope to cover some recent chamber music albums, a number of popular summery releases, and the jazz records I was obliged to pass over this month. C. J. BALLIETT, JR.

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The Inner Forum

THE CURRENT ISSUE of the Chicago *New World* carries an article by Robert A. Senser about a layman in the archdiocese who is devoting his life to distributing Catholic literature. It started over 20 years ago when Frank Estis was a patient in a local hospital and received some magazines from a friend. The magazines were so much in demand on his ward that Mr. Estis sent for more to pass around. Since the discovery of this need he has distributed more than 25,000,000 newspapers, magazines and books and has taken on this work as a full-time, non-paying job. His work is believed to be leading to one conversion a day.

At present 30,000 pieces of literature go out every week with the following message stamped on them: "May I have your religious and secular books, magazines, prayer books, newspapers, etc., for hospitals, institutions, etc.? I started this work in 1919. Frank S. Estis, 1925 So. Troy St., Chicago." He has about 40 periodical racks in strategic places which include Chicago hotels (the Morrison, the Palmer House, the Sherman) and the La Salle Street and Illinois Central Stations. In one railroad station where only 1 out of 120 red caps was a Catholic twenty years ago, 30 of the red caps are now members of the Church.

Mr. Estis now has 50 volunteer workers to help him, and some of the group visit about 50 institutions around Chicago every week, among them the Cook County Jail, the Oak Forest Infirmary, the Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium, and the House of Correction. On Sundays at the Cook County Hospital, said to be the largest hospital in the world, more than twenty of these workers are distributing literature among the patients. Army camps comprise another important outlet for his material. Mr. Estis also sends reading matter to all sections of the United States and to Russia, India and Japan.

Mr. Estis stores this material in "one-half of his basement, a two-door garage, his porch, and corners and halls of his flat." While Catholic reading is his chief stock in trade, he also goes in for wholesome secular reading matter, and has also found that trade papers such as the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Independent Grocer, Sheep and Goat Raiser* and *Successful Farming* are in great demand. Besides all this he has supplied "down-and-outers from Madison Street flophouses" with clothing and secured new rosaries and prayerbooks for poor children making their First Communions.

CONTRIBUTORS

Helen ISWOLSKY is a daughter of the Russian Foreign Minister and Ambassador to France during the last war. She has been living in France until very recently, and collaborating with leaders of Catholic social action. She is the author of "Soviet Man Now."

William J. GRACE is himself a poet. He has lived and been educated both in England and in the United States, and at present is teaching English in the Graduate School of Fordham University.

Rev. Daniel S. RANKIN teaches at St. Mary's Manor, South Langhorne, Pa.

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Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is now serving as a naval chaplain.

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